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## REQUEST TO CONTRIBUTORS.

*STUDENTS & TEACHERS will please send us contributions for publication in the next issue (October 1950) under the following heads :—*

**S.S.L.C. Section :**—I. Questions with model answers on the various subjects of the S.S.L.C. Course.

II. News and Reports of important activities in Schools; e. g., Sports & Games; Anniversaries; opening functions; visits of distinguished persons etc.

III. Suggestions and healthy criticisms regarding the New Education Schemes:—Citizenship & Social Study Activities: School Parliaments, Class Councils, etc., etc.

**Note :**—Contributions written by High School pupils *should be certified* to be genuine *by the Headmasters* concerned.

(2) Contributions from School-masters and others may be on all topics of interest *to High School Pupils only* and should be written in simple, idiomatic English, so that students of Forms IV. V & VI may read through and understand the subject matter unaided.

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The Student

MANAGING EDITOR:
SRI T. E. V. SARMA :

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# PRAYER FOR STUDENTS.

Wilt thou not bless these yourthful and helpless students lying at Thy feet, O God ? We are engaged in pursuing knowledge and acquiring the treasures of science. Great difficulties beset us, and there are many temptations and dangers in our path, from which, Good Lord, set us free. Too much reading may make us vain; secular studies may make us sceptical and worldly-minded ; the love of amusement during moments of recreation may expose us to corruptions and vicious pleasures ; constant associaten with gay youths may teach us levity and frivolity. Deliver us form these evils, Father, and so regulate our studies and amusements that we may, while gathering earthly knowledge, be filled with that higher wisdom, which leadeth the soul to sanctity and salvation.

*Keshub Chunder Sen.*

# OURSELVES:

It is not perhaps unnecessary to say a few words by way of introduction in connection with the publication of the **First Number** of the **Sixth Volume** of our Magazine, **The STUDENT.**

This periodical which was being published during the years 1927 to 1932 ceased publication then, owing to various unforeseen causes. Feeling the present need in a Free India, we have decided to resume publication of the Monthly from this month. In 1927 the Editor was a teacher in another local High School, and now in 1950 he is the Head of an Institution started by him in 1936 under the protecting wings of Bhagawan Sri Ramakrishna Dev and this makes all the difference. That the Editor now sits under the shade of the *Kalpataru* (that is Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa) is a sure indication of the tremendous success that awaits this journal in the years to come.

We think that our venture to place again before the young a magazine of this kind hardly needs justification; for we have long realised that students especially of High Schools, are not provided with a suitable monthly which devotes itself exclusively to their interests,

Our object in bringing out the magazine is threefold. In the first place we propose to place

before them abundant matter for reading—— matter intended to instruct and interest them in all possible ways. Secondly, we introduce them to several types of expression worthy of study and thus help them to acquire a simple and direct style of expression. Thirdly, we appeal to their moral sense and lead them to live pure and noble lives, and to become useful citizens of our Free India, as envisaged by the **Father of the Nation.** We encourage the student population to express their ideas by contributing articles to our magazine in simple idiomatic English.

We are confident that our monthly will be hailed with delight by the young, and that those interested in the welfare of the young will extend a hearty welcome.

The fact that we are already in receipt of super-abundant matter for publication is an indication that our magazine is destined to have a bright future. Assurances from friends and sympathisers encourage us to think that our endeavours will be appreciated by all.

Great care is taken in the selection of matter and our experience in the teaching profession during the last three decades will help us a good deal in the choice.

The scope and aim of our magazine are determined by the needs and tastes of its readers and any suggestions towards its improvement will be thankfully received.

# SEARCH AFTER GOD.

By Sri V. Vembu Sastri, B. A., L. T.

For God I searched
In temples great,
And churches long,
But found Him not.

I searched for Him
In solemn mosques,
And rock-cut caves,
But found him not.

I searched for him
In brooks and graves,
And mansions too,
But found Him not.

I looked for Him
In wealth and glow,
And pomp and show,
But found Him not.

I looked for Him
In office rooms,
And halls of power,
But found Him not.

I looked for Him
In bench and bar,
In robes so long,
But found Him not.

I looked for Him
In young and old,
And strong and weak,
But found Him not.

I looked for Him
In pleasures rich,
And dishes nice,
But found Him not.

I looked for Him
In clothes of gold,
And beds of down,
But found Him not.

I looked for Him
In colours bright,
And graceful forms,
But found Him not.

I left my home
And wandered long,
In hill and dale,
But found Him not.

But lo! the quest
Was not in vain.
Forsooth, my gain
I found in self.

At last, I paused,
And 'gan to think.
That pains so great
Bore fruits so dear.

In fine, I found
That God is near,
Within myself,
And jumped with joy.

# HOW TO MAKE THE BEST OF YOUR TIME

BY SRI S. SIVARAMAN, B.A., L.T.

You are all at school; but most of you go to school, because your parents have sent you there. What precisely you should try to gain during your school-life, you do not generally know. Now, you will certainly admit that, if you do know what you are about, you can progress more rapidly than with your eyes shut. I will try to place before you briefly the objects you should try to gain at school.

Every day you are diligently studying the lessons set by your teachers. But most of you think it is all to pass examination and get a fairly good job in life. Your idea is partly true, for we must all *live*. But it is not the whole truth. You must take a vital interest in all the subjects you are learning, for much of the knowledge that is imparted to you is useful knowledge. English for example, is for the present the language of the State and the language of science and of commerce. It is, therefore, very necessary that you should acquire the ability to write and speak it correctly. Without a fair knowledge of mathematics, again, you cannot keep your accounts, you cannot husband your resources in a suitable way. Geography, again, is a very useful branch of knowledge, since without it you can hardly know of any other place in the world besides the very very few ones you have seen with your own eyes.

Usefulness is not the only reason why you should take an interest in your studies. You should cultivate a love of knowledge for its own sake. When you were children, had you not an eager, restless longing to know all that you came in touch with? If you have forgotten your own childhood, you may watch any child in your own home and learn. The curiosity of a child is well known. Now, this healthy curiosity you should not allow to die out through laziness.

You should have an ardent love of knowledge of all kinds. Science, for example, reveals to you the secrets of Nature, and history reproduces for you the by-gone past. It is largely knowledge that distinguishes the cultured man from the uncultured.

I have so long been talking to you of mental education. It is time to pass on to another object as important as the first, namely, moral education. By moral education we mean learning good manners and building up sound character. Without character the deepest knowledge cannot win respect. You will all agree with me when I say that an honest labourer who has not learnt his three R's deserves to be set above a dishonest grandee, however high placed he may be. Let me assume that you will also grant that youth is the only period when the seeds of good conduct and character are to be sown. For if weeds are allowed to grow then, they will strike too deep into the soil to be ever shaken afterwards. I would, therefore, advise you to look to your conduct and character above all else.

I shall close with a few words on physical training. You have certainly learnt the proverb, "A sound mind in a sound body," but I am sorry that many of you have not seriously reflected upon it. For if you had, I could not see so many of you with ill-developed muscles. I shoud like to drive home to you the fact that no one can escape the laws of Nature. And Nature demands a strong and healthy body as the first condition of all human work. This admitted, you know that if the years of youth be allowed to slip away, health and strength would be beyond recall. I should, therefore, advise you to devote as much attention to your body as you do to your mind and your morals. You will thus have for your watchwords at school,

A SOUND MIND, A SOUND HEART, A SOUND BODY.

'UN 1951

# SOME INDIAN CUSTOMS.

BY SRI V. ARAVAMUDA IYENGAR, B.A., L.T.

I propose to give here my observation on some of our customs and their meaning. It is a pity that modern schools in India do not provide for instruction in subjects of this kind. If introduced and taught on right lines, I am sure youngsters will profit considerably therefrom ; simplicity of life, health and prosperity will be their heritage. At present want of proper education has led people astray. They have grown to disrespect and neglect time-honoured customs and manners peculiar to India.

They have ignored that almost all of them have been based upon scientific principles. Leaving a healthy legacy to waste, they have begun to ape the pernicious observances of the material west. Neither the Education Department nor the numerous religious institutions in the land have thought it their duty to check the degeneration and to attempt at reform. The *Madathipathis will do well to spend their* hoarded money in training able men and sending them out to educate the masses and the so-called learned people in the right understanding of the scientific basis of our customs.

Greeting each others is of various kinds in form. Westernised Indians have their '*Good-Morning*' with a hand-shake in imitation of the westerns. The Mohamedans greet their brethren with a '*Salam Alaikum*' which means 'peace be with you'. Hindus who still revere the old order of things utter '*Namaskaram*', clapping their hands together [ கை கூப்புதல் ], sometimes even prostrating.

The Hindu form of greeting, besides being graceful and courteous, is of scientific value. It has been recognised that human body is a mass of electricity. Cavendish, a

physicist, has proved that attraction exists even between two small masses of clay. Much more so should be the effect between two living masses of growing age and experience. It is believed that the Hindu method of greeting averts adverse electrical disturbances in the individuals concerned as a result of meeting. Rising on the arrival of elders is also to be explained in the same way, an observance almost totally neglected by youngsters now-a-days. Prostrating combines many advantages, if observed on the right lines, involving some electrical saving and physical exercise. It is however, unfortunate that Indians should need western experts to open their eyes to these truths.

I am in the dark as to what is the real meaning or value of the western observance. Saluting presents a variety in form. The Scout and the Police adopt the military fashion which is considered manly and dignified. It assumes different graduations from the aristocrat down to the Plebian. While the former manifests his kind notice by a nod of the head or a finger, sometimes with his face turned aside to imply superiority, the latter actually hides his forehead and nose with his broad palm and fingers, sometimes bending even to touch his mother Earth, a mark of submissiveness.

Accompaniment of a hand-shake has become one of the favoured observances throughout the world, which is supposed to express warmth of feeling at meeting or parting. It is, however somewhat consoling to learn that some Europeans and Americans who have understood the significance of the Indian method are giving up the injurious form of the West. A number of missionary friends are discouraging handshake and adopting ours in their daily meeting and at Church.

The evil of shaking hands are manifold. It brings about some unhealthy electrical adjustments in the body. Hygieni-

cally it is contaminating and spreads diseases. *The Ohio Health News* has a few remarks on this subject, which are worth our perusal. "Shaking hands with oneself, as the Chinese do when they meet is vastly more hygienic and sensible than our own hearty exchange of clasps. There is nothing to justify it from a sanitary standpoint. That it can convey infection can be proved by laboratory tests. The warm moist surface of the hand forms a favourable culture bed of germs and is liable at any time to have its millions of germs augmented, or transferred to friends as the occasion presents. Germs are no respectors of persons or relationship. The most devoted of parents are physically just as capable of transferring infection to their children as any one else.

"It is a strange thing, but nearly universal that people cough and sneeze into or upon their right hands. Germs cling very readily to the skin of the hands, and it requires much mechanical and chemical scrubbing and disinfection to remove them; yet sociable little things that they are even ready to transfer their affections from one hand to another, or from hand to lip or food."

In spite of this, it may be doubted whether hand shaking will ever go out of use. Most of us are slaves to false notions of fashion and dignity. Let young readers, the future citizens beware!

---

Make the character of Hanuman your ideal. At the command of Sri Rama he crossed the ocean! He had no care for life or death. As on the one hand Hanuman represents the ideal of service, so on the other he represents leonine courage, striking the world with awe. He has not the least hesitation in sacrificing his life for the good of Sri Ramachandra. *Such whole-hearted devotion to duty is wanted.*

*—Swami Vivekananda*

# THE STORY OF KAUSIKA

BY SRI N. PARAMASIVA AIYAR, B.A., L.T.

There was once a Brahman bachelor *Kausika* by name. He was spending his time in study and in the practice of yoga. To keep body and soul together he would go about the village begging alms and content himself with whatever he got. Once, while he sat in contemplation under a tree, he was disturbed by the fall of a few dry leaves. Looking up he saw a bird sitting on a bough over his head. At once the bird was burnt by the fire of his anger and it dropped dead to the ground. The young man felt glad at this proof of his powers. He was proud to think that he had acquired such super-human powers.

The next day, as usual, he went to a house for alms. "Wait a little," cried out the mistress of the house who was busy inside. The youth resented thus being made to wait. In a short time the mistress came to him with a dole of rice. The Brahman stared at her in anger.

"Waste not your anger upon me, fond youth," cried the lady; "I am not the bird in the tree to be burnt by your look. My household duties are more important to me than the performance of charity. I had to attend to the urgent needs of my sickly husband."

"Pray, tell me, madam," asked the youth in wonder, "how you happen to know the incident of the bird."

"I know none of your yogic practices," replied the lady. "Service to my husband is my prime duty in life. By virtue of this alone I am able to know about your burning of the bird. If you wish to know more of this, go to the mutton-seller of the city of Mithila. He will enlighten you."

The learned youth felt humbled. He soon hurried to Mithila and stood in front of the mutton shop. "Are you the person sent hither by the Brahman lady?" asked *Dharma-Vyadha*, who was at his counter busy with the sale of mutton. The young ascetic felt amazed at the extraordinary powers of the meat-seller.

"Be not surprised, dear sir," said the man. Though I am a vendor of meat, my prime duty in life is to look after my aged parents, even as the Brahman lady spends her life in the service of her husband. It is devotion to duty that ennobles a man and not mere study or penance."

*Mahabharata—Aranya Parva.*

## RULES FOR LONGEVITY.

*(SELECTED.)*

1. Be sure to have the rooms you occupy well-ventilated.
2. Seek out-of-doors occupation and recreation.
3. Sleep out of doors if you can.
4. Breathe deeply.
5. Avoid over-eating.
6. Eat sparingly of meats and highly-spiced foods.
7. Eat slowly and chew thoroughly.
8. The bowels should be evacuated daily.
9. Stand, Sit and Walk erect.
10. Keep the Teeth, Gums, and Tongue clean always.
11. Do not allow poisonous or disease-producing germs to enter the body.
12. Do not overwork. Rest when you are fatigued. Sleed from seven to nine hours daily.
13. Avoid anger and worry—keep serene.
14. Take a bath every morning in water that is at the same temperature as the body. Following the bath rub the skin until it is thoroughly dry
15. Be careful not to drink any unclean water.

# THE LOST THUMB.

*BY SRI B. PATTABI RAMAIYA, M.A., L.T.*

THE OPTIMISTIC MINISTER.

Long, long ago, there lived a king;
A minister wise had he,
Who, whether in good or evil things,
Some 'good' was sure to see.

Whatever befell, he always said,
" 'Tis all for something good".
The king liked not this stale remark,
Nor its wisdom understood.

THE ACCIDENT.

By some mischance, the king one day
His own left thumb had cut.
The minister, standing by him, said,
" 'Tis all for good, no doubt."

THE MINISTER'S FALL.

In a fit of rage, the king dismissed
His minister, wise and true;
The man, though fallen and disgraced,
Said, 'This is a good thing too.'

THE KING IN THE FOREST.

Long after this, the king rode out
To hunt in a forest nigh;
Outstripping all his followers,
Was left with none near by.

That night, the monarch fell asleep
Beneath a spreading tree.
A band of robbers passing by,
The handsome king they see.

HIS LIFE THREATENED.

'Oh! here's a man for sacrifice,
The chief was heard to say,
'To Kalee for our booty got,
Our homage due to pay'.

The robbers bound him hand and foot,
    Took him to Kalee's shrine.
The chief then raised the flashing sword,
    To kill the victim fine.

They sought with hymns and incense fumes
    The goddess to invoke.
'The man's defective', said a voice,
    'So stay thy hasty stroke.'

For ne'er the goddess would accept
    A victim imperfect.
The robbers then from top to toe
    The captive king inspect.

SAVED BY THE MISSING THUMB.

'He's thumbless' cried the chief at last,
    'So set him free, my men.'
The king post haste rushed home again;
    The robbers gained their den.

The king recalled the minister wise,
    His pardon then he sought,
And told how him the missing thumb
    From death to life had brought.

The minister said his own disgrace
    Had been a blissful thing;
For, else, he had been surely killed
    Instead of the thumbless king.

MORAL.

*Bad and good alike are good:*
    *So think the truly wise.*
*What men oft take for an evil thing*
    *Is a blessing in disguise.*

---

[To S. S. L. C STUDENTS: Poems appearing under this head will be very useful as exercise for paraphrasing:—ED: STUDENT]

# FRIENDLY ADVICE TO STUDENTS

*BY SRI S. VAIDYANATHA AYYAR, B.A., L.T.*

TO MY YOUNG FRIENDS!

We are sometimes looked upon by you as friends philosophers and guides, but we consider ourselves merely as your friends rather than claiming superior wisdom. Hence you are so addressed.

The world in every sphere of its activity is passing through rapid changes. Let us confine our thoughts to changes in Educational sphere and schools. Time was when you were more or less depending on external help for everything and guided entirely by others. Now a new order prevaileth.

Being the citizens of to-morrow you have your responsibilities and ideals. You should have initiative and be the active workers. You have every right to ask for freedom of thought and action. Yet to a certain extent, the guidance of elders is wholesome.

At school, both in work and conduct there have been many changes during these two decades. Every one of them was intended for good and should be so worked. A certain amount of liberty, a sense of ease, a degree of latitude are now allowed to you. These should be used and not abused. It is the latter tendency that leads to strikes and insubordination, indolence and inefficiency.

A few words of advice, or if you choose, suggestion, I shall give here. As said above, there is a change in your outlook. To have a harmonious and effective work public opinion or the general sense of boys should be guiding factor. Take, for instance, the Sixth Form, the highest class in a Secondary school. This would be looked upon as a model by

classes below. The work and conduct here should be above criticism. There should be a leader of the class, or call him a monitor. He should be chosen by his mates and by qualities of head and heart and by his tact, though young, he should win the confidence of his master on the one hand, love and regard of his fellow-students on the other. He should be, as it were, an ambassador of boys to arrange all their concerns with authorities.

You have work at school and outside, each supplementing the other. At School both by common consent and action and under the guidance of the monitor, you should see that regularity, punctuality and orderliness is secured so that progress in lessons is assured. Whether in the framing of the time-table or distribution of work, or any aspect of class work come to an understanding about the best course and let the monitor represent it to the master for approval and introduction. If the master does not approve he would certainly convince you why it is not. Even in bigger questions,—questions of general interest, it is claimed that boys should be consulted as they are so intimately and immediately concerned.

Again, in the matter of your conduct, you should watch and check your mates. Five or six of you living close to one another form a group to help one another in the preparation of lessons. An advanced boy can guide his backward friends. The noble instinct of one can elevate the character of the wayward. So, much spade work will be done to make teaching in class really effective and tone of the school good For you know three-fourths is your work and one-fourth only teacher's. It is perspiration rather than inspiration that secures success.

In the same way in extra school activities like games, reading room and debating societies, scouting and excursion, book-depot in co-operation and social work, you should show the initiative and be persevering and earnest, taking the advice of elders.

These are democratic days. There is the problem of unemployment facing you. The country is poor. Mass is still illiterate. Think and learn, and act and prosper. GOD IS GREAT AND GOOD.

## WHAT WE SAY.

As wet as a fish, as dry as a bone.
As live as a bird, as dead as a stone.
As strong as a horse, as weak as a cat.
As white as a lily, as black as a coal.
As tight as a drum, as free as the air.
As heavy as lead, as light as a feather,
As steady as time, uncertain as weather.
As hot as an oven, as cold as a frog.
As gay as a lark, as sick as a dog.
As fit as a fiddle, as bitter as rind.
As proud as a peacock, as blythe as a prig.
As savage as a tiger, as mild as a dove.
As stiff as a poker, as limp as a glove.

*Sent by Mr. D. Joseph.*

2 - JUN 1955

# AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A DONKEY.

*BY SRI. S. RAMA IYER, B.A.*

I am a very poor donkey. I don't know when I was born. Nor do I know anything concerning my parents. For obvious reasons, I had no schooling of any sort, but had much fooling. About this, I am not disturbed at all. Quadruped and stupid as I am, I feel considerably consoled when I just think of the fate of many bipeds, to whom the study of the Alphabet is almost a luxury beyond their reach and means. So closes the account of my birth, parentage and education.

Anyhow, at the proper age, I married an ass. Let me tell you, at the very outset, that I got no dowry. But, it must be said to the credit of my young wife, that she brought with her in abundance, the choicest of her hereditary possessions, her peerless stupidity. In fact, she had a longer ear and a shorter memory than myself. Thus, I entered into that serious, sacred, and responsible matrimonial life.

Within a short time, I became the father of half a dozen blockheads, of course, true chips of the old block, or rather blockhead. And here, I have an irresistible inclination to digress a bit, anxious to put two or three pertinent questions. Do we not, the ass community, though in our own humble way, contribute our little mite to increase the population of the world? Are we not God's creation? What if, our brains are blank and plain, always many degrees below the zero and freezing point? Why is the census report so mercilessly silent about us, more senseless than ourselves?

To continue the main threads in the history of my life: I was soon confronted with the very keen problem of maintaining a big family. I must keep the pot boiling, as the phrase or idiom goes. So, myself, wife and children, took up service under a washerman, — to be more correct, under him and his wife.

We carried on our backs all sorts of clothes, dirty ones, washed ones, silks, sarees, muslins, etc. Whether dirty, clean, or fine, it was all the same to us—burden, burden, double and treble burden. Our backbones bent and broke, our sides ached and cracked. From dawn to dusk, from day to day, from the river to the house, from the house back to the river, from village to village, from house to house, it was a monotonous task, through and through. As to blows, they were plenty, plenty. The devil of a master, and worse than that, a mistress, (both of them black, within and without) awfully treated our backs with kind and pliant sticks. Their children also did not spare us. This was a daily, punctual, pleasing item in the programme with them all. Who cares for our tears? As to our feeding, it was a tragedy by itself. The less said about it, the better. All of us, including even my youngest child became thorough experts in fasting. Once, I was so exasperated with such harsh treatments that I resolved, by way of wreaking vengeance, to exhibit a select sample of my kicks to Karuppannan the cruelest urchin of my master. No time was lost to carry out the resolution into serious execution. Though this meant for me worse starvation for days together, and tangible marks all over the body—marks black, brown, blue, red, and otherwise I coolly said to myself ' never mind '.

I don't wish to try your patience, dear readers, by unnecessarily lengthening the miserable account of my life and career. Suffice it to say that we had frequent transfers from one master to another, from the frying pan into the fire, from king log to king stork. I hope you do not expect my children to have outlived these calamities. The poor creatures, one by one, died. The loss of her children dug an early grave for my wife also. I alone remained for many years more to suffer most. I grew older and older, until at last I was found unfit to do any work. The then kind master

squared up the matter by dispensing with: my services altogether.

I am now an octogenerian sans eyes sans teeth, sans energy, sans everything save stupidity. I am very seriously thinking of spending the rest of my life piously and peacefully, in meditation and prayer, getting up early morning, bathing, going to temples etc. I hear that a good widow in the neighbouring village is daily reading Bakthavijayam during the mid-day hours. Let me make it a point to listen to those sacred words. Though I may not get salvation, I may get a better birth. Hence, I exit. Good-bye.

## WHY DO WE PUBLISH THE STUDENT IN ENGLISH ?

We resume publication of the monthly *in the English language* for the following among other reasons :—

(1) English has come to stay and the tendency for acquiring a knowledge of that language among those who desire it should be encouraged. Besides, it is a compulsory second language to be studied in the Secondary Schools of South India.

(2) Quite a good number of desirable periodicals in the various regional languages are available for High School Students.

(3) The number of hours allotted for English teaching in High Schools has greatly been reduced of late and students have no opportunity to read extra books in English as in the past. The STUDENT will supply this need.

(4) As it is our desire that students at the High School stage, at least in South India should be benefited by our journal we can think of no other language in which we could publish the periodical at present, thus **serving a larger number in a wider area.**

# THE PEASANT WHO BECAME A KING.

*BY SRI G. SRINIVASAN, S. S. L. C. STUDENT*

Long, long ago, before you and I were born, there lived a peasant gardener in the village of Damal. He had, for long, not been blessed with a son even though he was a very pious man and offered prayers and sacrifices to God. He prayed for long and, though poor, fed many poor men but his prayers were not answered. So, as often happens in this world, he became disgusted with God and became as impious as he was once a pious man. He never more fed the poor and, instead of helping these pitiable men, he became a hater of such poor feeding, non-co-operated with them and ill-treated them as much as possible. Though he became such a detestable creature, God, who till now waited only for the proper time to bless his 'Bhaktha,' gave him a male child. That child was very beautiful and his face was noble and intelligent. The gardener was happy beyond limit. He again resumed his worship of God and of feeding the poor and pious people.

Gentle readers, this is the way of the world. We worship God as long as He pours upon us blessings in the form of good fortune but, when He makes us suffer on account of our own sinful actions in our *Poorva Janma* we dispise him. This is the worst trait in a man's character. Happiness and misery should be taken in the same good sense. God is ever just and always gives us what we deserve. With due apologies for bringing in this little digression let me continue the story of the gardener. His son grew up, and as he grew up, his knowledge of many tongues also grew up. He became a noble and beautiful looking youth of 20.

One day Prakasam (*the bright*), for that was the name of the gardener's son, was taking a long walk along the Royal road leading to Mathurai. On the way he saw a

beautiful snuff-box. On the lid of the box was written something in a strange character. Prakasam, as he knew all the languages in the world, quickly took the box and read aloud the inscription as follows:—

"Those who take a pinch of the white powder in the snuff-box will attain all their wishes."

Prakasam wanted to test it, for human nature is such that it does not believe anything that is not seen practically. So he took a pinch of the white powder and wished himself before the King Chokka Nathar. No sooner wished than ful-filled. The King asked him who he was and what he wanted. Prakasam said that he was a poor citizen of His Majesty and that he came simply to admire the beauty of the Palace. The King, jokingly asked him whether he wanted any such beautiful palace, to which Prakasam replied nothing but slowly went away and snuffing a little, wished for a noble palace of gold set with diamonds. No sooner wished than everything was before him and he, attired gorgeously, stepped into his Palace.

In the early morn, the King came out of his palace into his garden and was strolling along the flower plants. Suddenly the wonderful palace of Prakasam attracted his attention. He wondered at the beauty of the palace and thought the owner to be a noble prince. So he, after his breakfast, stepped into the palace and greeting the youth who woke up just then, asked him who he was and how he came there for he well remembered that he had not seen any such palace the day before. The youth humbly replied that he was a noble man having a vast amount of wealth. Then the King asked him whether he would accept his daughter's hand, for she was of marriageable age. Prakasam gladly consented. The king then took leave of Prakasam and went to make preparations for the ensuing marriage of his daughter. The

youth, in the meanwhile, by his wonderful magic powder, went to his native land, Damal, to get the consent of his parents for his marriage with the Princess of 'Urpiyur'. The parents hearing what had happened to their son were immensely pleased and started with him to 'Uriyur' where King Chokka Nathar had his capital. The marriage took place in great pomp and splendour and the married couple lived a happy life enjoying the earthly pleasures to their heart's content.

King Chokka Natha had lost his first wife and he therefore married another who was born to a poor man. She as usual hated the King's daughter Hemavathi, (daughter through 1st wife) and she hated her husband also for he had become very old. She did not like Prakasam and she thought of a way to drive away Prakasam from the Palace. She somehow managed to get the snuff-box and snuffing a little of the white powder, wished for the disappearance of the King's daughter with the Palace. Next day the youth came to know of this. He did not in the least suspect the King's second wife for she always showed kindness towards him. Prakasam, leaving his poor old parents under the care of his sincere friend, went in search of the palace and his wife.

He had to go through a thick forest. As evening came he took shelter in a cave. The cave was the home of some robbers. The robbers saw Prakasam enter their cave from a distance. They naturally suspected him and they wanted to take all what Prakasam had but as they came near, Prakasam bowed low before the captain and related his sorrowful story. The captain hearing the story pitied him and promised to help him. Prakasam now became a member of the band.

One day when the robbers came to plunder King Chokka Natha at night, they by chance saw the youth's lost snuff-box under the pillow of the King's second wife. Prakasam

wondered how it could have come there but he *could not in* the least guess. The Queen soon woke up and seeing Prakasam with a band of not less than 150 men, all fierce looking, became afraid and told all that had taken place. The King Chokka Natha too heard the story and he at once killed her. The thieves now gave off plundering, at the earnest entreaty of the youth Prakasam and they took leave of him. The youth in gratitude gave the robbers, who helped him in time, many riches and vast wealth so that they were not in need of more. Only when he is in need does any man plunder another's possession. Then Prakasam by means of his wonderful magic snuff-box regained his lost possessions and he offered countless offerings to the Almighty. He for long lived a happy, glorious life with his wife and parents. After his father-in-law's death he (the peasant) became heir tothe throne as Chokka Natha had no son.

## VIVEKANAND.

*BY S. N. VITTAL, S. S. L. C. CLASS.*

Whose unresisted voice did sound,
And 'choed beyond the Indian bounds,
Whose restless heart did shine
As the majestic morning star,
With bright knowledge divine;
Whose name was lit with fame afar;!
He, "Viveka" of matchless soul
Is now in need for India's goal!

His selfless blood was spent in toil
For his native land. The very soil
Hath need of him again
Now, when all's like the restless deep,
We selfish beasts are vain;
All thirty crores to eat and weep!
O! come again to lead thy sheep,
"Viveka", to wake them from sleep!

## WISE WORDS

*COLLECTED BY THE EDITOR.*

1. Fear God.
2. Honour the King (Our Union President.)
3. Study to be quiet. 4. All the world is a stage.
5. An old man is twice a child.
6. Some that smile have in their hearts millions of [mischiefs.
7. Forget and Forgive.
8. Repent what is past, avoid what is to come.
9. Society is no comfort to one not sociable.
10. Press not a falling man too far.
11. One sorrow never comes but brings an heir.
12. Neither a borrower nor a lender be.
13. Our doubts are traitors.
14. Speak little, Bear much, Pray more.
15. Brevity is the Soul of wit. 16. Best safety lies in fear.
17. Cease from man, Trust in God, Do the right.
18. Be just and fear not.
19. Beat not the bones of the buried.
20. There is no Religion higher than Truth.
21. Sleep is the worst of thieves, he steals *half* our lives.
22. Party is the madness of many for the benefit of a few.
23. He prayeth best, who loveth best,
    All things both great and small.
24. Who love too much, hate in the like extreme.
25. Praise undeserved is scandal in disguise.
26. By night an athiest half believes a God.
27. Obey thy parents.
28. No legacy is so rich as honesty.
29. Men's evil manners live in brass,
    Their virtues we write in water.
30. Love all, trust a few, do wrong to none.
31. Make use of time, Let not advantage slip.
32. Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee.

## STUDENT-HOOD.

*BY SWAMI RAMANANDA, DELHI*

Rules to be *observed* by those who aspire to control their senses and elevate their character, thus making themselves happy and useful members of Society.

1. Wake up before 5 a. m. Before leaving the bed, sit for a few minutes in silent prayer. Meditate on all the Evils you will curb and the Good you will spread.

2. Dust and roll up the bed. Evacuate the bowels, wash the teeth, preferably with 'margosa' twigs and bathe, head inclusive, in splashing cold water.

3. Sweep your room and sit quiet and peaceful for your Morning Prayers. While repeating the Hymns, meditate on their meaning and pray for strength to become what you ask for. Daily read a few verses, with meaning from the Scriptures. There is the 'Koran'; the 'Bible,' or the 'Gita.'

4. Let your diet be limited, light, and 'Sathvic'—non-exciting. Never load your belly full. Avoid sour things and red-hot chillies. All these excite the tongue, they burn the alimentary canal, and ruin the blood, to say nothing of the bad passion they create.

5. Never take meals late at night. Never eat between meals. Finish your supper at all costs before 8 p. m. Take less of liquid diet at nights. Never drink water or milk just before retiring to bed. A filled bladder and loaded bowels excite the nervous glands and are the direct cause of unhappy, disturbed sleep with consequent loss of Vitality. Empty the bladder before taking to bed.

6. Never sit aimlessly, for, "Satan finds some mischief still for *idle hands* to do." Your evening games must drive you to bed tired and worn out. Sleep before 10 p. m.

7. Always make use of the loin-cloth or *langoti.* Keep it clear by daily washing.

8. Of course you know the evils of Tobacco and mild intoxicants like coffee etc. Take a glass of water with a lemon squeezed into it, sweetened with a little jaggery. This cools and cleans the system and keeps the body healthy and active.

9. Now and then fast for a day : but do not forget to drink plenty of water during your fasts.

10. May God forbid this—that you have wet dreams. Just before retiring, pray for Purity and Peace from the Omnipotent Source—thine own Creator. In case of disturbed sleep, get up at once, wash the face and head in cold water, pray for a while and then sleep. Next morning, get up early, and after a cold bath, have a brisk run.

May Our Protector Bless the Youth with Strength and Vitality.

[Adapted and Translated from Swamiji's book on "Yoga-Asan " in Hindi, by Ramchander.]

## PREJUDICE

*BY SRI D. VITTAL.*

"A motor car, luxuriously fitted, pulled up in front of the school-gate and a very tall and rather stout well-dressed gentleman got down and walked straight into the Headmaster's room. He was a rich Muslim banker, a Municipal Chairman, an M. L. C., and a Free-Mason. He was a very influential man and had many friends and as many foes. Often when he was amidst his admirers, he used to boast that there was not a person of importance in the town, nay in the district, who had not, at sometime or other, borrowed money from him. Finding that the Headmaster was not in the office-room he sat down in a chair and sent for him.

The Headmaster came in, shook hands with the visitor and asked him what the matter was.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Headmaster, I called you away from your work."

"Oh, no. That does not matter. I have sent another master to the class. We may talk leisurely. I suppose you have come about the elections. I saw your manifesto in the *Hindu.*"

"Not about the elections. I'm cock sure of my voters. I've come to talk to you on a more serious motter. Have you an orthodox-teacher in your school named Y——?"

"Yes. He is an ideal teacher and it will take me by surprise if he has done anything unworthy, for, I guess you have a complaint against him"

"You have guessed truly. He is, in my opinion unfit to be a teacher in a public school. Every one may have his likes and dislikes, but he seems to exhibit his dislike towards the Muslim very openly. He punishes the Muslim boys for faults which he excuses in a Hindu."

"Really! This is news to me. I cannot believe it. You seem to be under a misapprehension. He is above such party feelings. He is a Scout and a *Bhaktha.*"

"But I have a case on hand. Yesterday my son and a Mudaliar boy were late for school by a few minutes. He allowed that Hindu boy to enter the class, though he gave out a false excuse but did not allow my son to enter. He had to stand without a seat for a whole period. Do you call that fair-play." "Calm yourself, Sir. You have not heard the other side of the question. The teacher must have had his reasons. In a few minutes he will be free and I shall send for him. You will, I am sure, be convinced by him."

Soon the teacher came to the Headmaster's office-room. When he was asked about the incident he said, "What you say is true. I never tolerate late-coming. In fact my boys rarely come late. Yesterday, both the boys came late by about 15 minutes. When boys turn up late I never take notice of their presence in the class room till the lesson of that period is over and the late-comers usually stand near the wall till the end of the period. Contrary to my custom I asked the other boy why he came late, because he was an ideal pupil and I had never seen him come late. He explained and it satisfied me. So, I gave him a seat. Then I asked your son why he came late. He gave me a lame excuse and so I did not give him leave to take his seat."

"But my son tells me that the other boy's excuse was false and that his was true."

"Your son's excuse was certainly false. He laid the blame on the clock. The truth was, that he had been idling his time on the way. That is not the only fault. He is a habitual late-comer and he very often absents himself from school. The other boy's excuse was quite true. I verified it in the evening. On his way he saved a girl from the grip of a mad dog and took her home. That was the cause of his late coming."

"Then it is certainly true. It was my daughter that he saved from the mad dog. My wife told me that some boy had brought the girl home. I did not know that he was a school-boy. I am so sorry to have thought him a liar. How ungrateful I was about to be. Will you please send for the boy so that I may thank him in person?"

"Most certainly."

"I believed my son implicitly. He has been telling me of the teacher's ill-treatment. I was an ass to have believed it. I have, in a way, encouraged him, unwilling though, by

very often discussing the Communal question in his presence. He knew that I would swallow the bait. Now, what about his frequent absences?"

"He used to stay away from school for two or three days at a stretch and then bring a letter of excuse written by your clerk. I thought them to be genuine."

"He has bought off the clerk, I see. Thank you very much for the information. Please take care of him hereafter. I beg your pardon for having wronged you. I came in anger and depart with repentance. Good-bye, good-bye. I would request you not to talk communal politics in the presence of immature young boys."

"Thank you very much for the advice."

## LAUGH AND GROW FAT.

Each time you laugh you add a day
On to your life, so people say;
If that be true just read this page,
And reach a hundred years of age!

* * *

Gopal could see little use for grammar, but his teacher was determined that the lesson should be learnt. One of Gopal's failings was the misuse of such words as *did* and *done*; *seen* and *saw*; *gone* and *went*, and so on; and in an effort to impress his memory the teacher kept him late one afternoon with the task of writing the sentence, "I have gone home," one hundred times.

Gopal set about this task in a businesslike manner, pausing now and then to count the lines. At last, "I have gone home" had been written one hundred times, but in his close attention to his task he had failed to notice that the teacher had gone out of the room.

Not caring to wait for the master to return, Gopal took up his pencil again and wrote at the bottom of the page:—

" Dear Teacher, I have wrote 'I have gone home' one hundred times, and I have went home."

* * *

" My son, I am ashamed of you. Your school report says you are the last boy in the class of twenty-two."

" It might have been worse father."

' I don't see how, my boy."

' There might have been more boys in the class.

* * *

A queer little boy, who'd been to school
And was up to all sorts of tricks,
Discovered that 9, when upside down,
Would pass for the figure 6.

So when asked his age one day by a man,
The comical youngster said :
" I'm 9 when I stand on my feet like this,
And 6 when I stand on my head."

* * *

Teacher: " Give me a good example of a coincidence."

Pupil: " My father and mother were married on the same day."

## HOW OLD ARE YOU?

One day there came to the Court of a King a gray-haired professor who amused the King greatly. He told the Monarch a number of things he never knew before, and the King was delighted. But finally it came to a point where the ruler wanted to know the age of the professor; so he thought of a mathematical problem.

" Ahem," said the King, " I have an interesting sum for you; it is a trial in mental arithmetic. Think of the number of the month of your birth."

Now the professor was sixty years old, and had been born two days before Christmas, so he thought of twelve, December being the twelfth month.

" Yes," said the professor.

" Multifly it by two," said the King.

" Yes ".

" Add five."

" Yes," answered the professor, doing so.

" Now multiply by fifty.

" Yes."

" Add your age."

" Yes."

" Subtract three hundred and sixty five."

" Yes."

" Add one hundred and fifteen ".

" Yes."

" And now" said the King, " might I ask what the result is ?"

" Twelve hundred and sixty" replied the professor, wonderingly.

" Thank you" said the King. So you were born in December sixty years ago eh ?"

" Why, how in the world do you know ?" cried the professor,

" Why " retorted the king, " from your answer—twelve hundred and sixty. The month of your birth was the twelfth, and the last two figures give your age."

" Ha, ha, ha !" laughed the professor. Capital idea ! I'll try it on the next person. It's a polite way of finding out people's ages "

Suppose you try it, Young Citizen.

— *Watchman.*

# NEWS & NOTES

[N.B. :—For want of space we are not publishing more News of Interest from Newspapers. From next month we will try to publish about 2 pages of such ' News and Notes ' that will interest High School students.]

## Ramayana in U.P. Jails.

Posters depicting the life of Valmiki, the author of the Ramayana, and other mythical and historical figures have been hung on prisoners' barracks in U. P. jails.

The Government have also arranged for the recitation of the Ramayana in the jails and have made provision for games for recreation of prisoners.

## Appeal to South Indians to learn Hindi.

The need for learning Hindi was stressed by Mr. M. Satyanarayana, Secretary, Hindustani Prachar Sabha, inaugurating the Hindi Class conducted under the auspices of the Non-Gazetted Government Officers' Association.

He said that 15 years hence English would be definitely replaced by Hindi in official records, and, in the future set-up of democracy, the majority of the electorate would insist on the use of the national language in legislatures courts, etc. There was a genuine fear among non-Hindi speaking people, that if English was replaced by Hindi, people, whose mother-tongue was Hindi would dominate in the services. That was why a time limit of 15 years was provided in the Constitution for the gradual introduction of Hindi, drawing vocabulary freely from other languages also. It was expected that by that time Hindi would be standardised and its literature enriched by translating literary masterpieces from regional languages.

The speaker said that in order that they might not be at a disadvantage later, it was necessary that they should learn Hindi now. In this connection he regretted that sufficient scope was not given for the compulsory study of Hindi in secondary schools in the State.

## Sea erosion in Royapuram.

Consequent on the erosion of the sea near Bower Kuppam in Royapuram, the huts of several fishermen in the locality have been affected. The Commissioner of the Madras Corporation has arranged to provide those immediately affected with sites in the Market Farm, Tondiarpet. About fifty families could be accommodated under this arrangement, it is stated.